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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 628.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



A FASHIONABLE FUNCTION.

"It was really a sweet idea of Poor Papa's to start the series of entertainments, which take place at our hospitable mansion during the Season, with a sort of May-Day Garden Party. The most tremendous excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, and though the Prince of Wales and some other distinguished visitors who had promised to come, were unavoidably detained, a very fashionable crowd ultimately thronged the picturesque grounds, the 'Friv.' contingent in particular coming out very strong indeed. A shrimp and muffin tea brought a most brilliant and enjoyable function to a close."—TOOTSIE.

ON TO THE TRUST.

MIGHT HAVE PUT IT MORE POLITELY.

"CRAZED BY LOVE—A VERY RARE INSTANCE."



Jeweller. Engagement ring, sir? Er—what stones? Diamonds are for fidelity; sapphires, constancy; sardonyx, trust—Alltick (excitedly). Give me sardonyx.



Lorna. But I'm sure you must sing or play.
The Count. No; it's my misfortune to be merely a listener.

PEG TWYNHAM, otherwise "Old Peg," of Northampton, a half-crazed beldame, who gained a scanty, precarious living by fortune telling, had earned the deep gratitude of young Andrew Sellwood, a shoemaker's son, by fishing him out of a river when he was in sore danger of drowning. He did not forget this, but was a friend in need to the poor old woman when the time came.

A murrain had seized upon and spread among the cattle in the neighbourhood, and the wretchedly ignorant peasantry took it into their heads that Peg had bewitched them. They therefore determined she should be treated in the good old-fashioned style: that is, her hands and feet were to be tied, and she was to be flung into a deep pond. If she swam there was no doubt about her being a witch, and she was executed accordingly. If she sank she most likely was drowned.

Andrew happened to hear what was doing, rushed to the spot armed with a cobbler's knife, and rescued the poor creature from the fury of the mob.

He was a strange fellow this Andrew. He was born in 1620, six weeks after his mother's marriage with the shoemaker. She had been a beautiful woman, and brought with her a dowry sufficient to establish the husband in trade. It was whispered that Andrew's father was really Steenie, the Duke of Buckingham.

Andrew would not work, and led a vagabond life. He

had a turn for mechanics and harmony, and invented a rude kind of barrel-organ, which he was invited to exhibit before the family of Sir Ralph Brisbane. His performance was rudely mocked at, and with tears of shame and rage he left the house. Only one, Lucy, the youngest daughter, had a kind word for him. He fell in love with her, and she was his fate.

He determined to make his fortune and offer her his hand. Old Peg gave him money enough to pay his way to London, and we find him next serving as a powder monkey on board one of Sir William Monson's ships. He distinguished himself very much, and shortly afterwards we read of him being in command of a column of horse in Prince Rupert's cavalry. At the assault upon Donnington Castle he also so distinguished himself, that Charles I. created him a knight upon the field of battle.

Just at the same time a female relative of his mother's bequeathed him her whole property, amounting to fifty odd thousand pounds.

The image of Lucy Brisbane was fresh as ever in his memory. He sought her out, calling himself plain Andrew Sellwood. He found her married to a dissipated spendthrift, whom, however, she loved. This was a hard blow for the constant lover, but he bore it bravely. He obtained the situation of steward in the household, and over and over again when the prodigal husband was about to be sold up a large sum of money would arrive from some mysterious source to set things straight again.

But this was not all. The husband would dabble in political plots. The soldiers were sent to seize him. Andrew suggested that he himself should hide in a place called "The Priest's Hole," dressed in his master's clothes, and that the master, as the officers knew neither by sight, should don the livery, point out the place of concealment, and pocket the reward.

It was done. Andrew was seized and carried to Newgate, where, however, he was identified, and it became known that the lady and her husband had escaped to France, with a large sum of money supplied by Andrew. He was, therefore, convicted of misprision of treason, and condemned to imprisonment for life. He died in fetters. "He was," says the "Public Ledger," "no doubt crazed by love—an early love: a very rare instance."

BILLIAM THE BLOODSTAINED.

ANNOTATED BY ALEXANDRY, THE BLOODLESS BOY.

CHAPTER I.

As the glorious Summer Sun in all its ruddy splendour was slowly a-sinkin in the East a lone and solitary figure might have been observed upon the quay, his piercing orb fixed fervently on far-off Matabeleland.

ANNOTATION.

[Since reading the above, which I strongly suspect is nailed out of a cheap tale book, I have ask the boy at the greengrocer's (who has travel) where the sun, when a-sinkin, really get up on the job. He say, "If verwancherknow it's behind Barkins's Brewery." I hope Bloodstained Bill will take and chuck his blooming sun next week and get into the thick of the fight. I must say if this tale is to be all about suns a-sinkin in the wrong places it won't draw—ALEXANDRY.]

[PRIVATE.—The marster printer sai he wil correct errors: if any there iss.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Quite a special matter, PHYLLIS; Sorry that we do not know. Ten and sixpence, A. F. DURDEN; Try in Puternoster Row. Not at present, thank you, SUZAR. Thanks for letter. R. H. L. Such confusion reigns, it's really Quite impossible to tell. Haven't any space at present. Much obliged, though, HAROLD LEES. ALLY hardly knows, ROTUNDA; Better do it by degrees.

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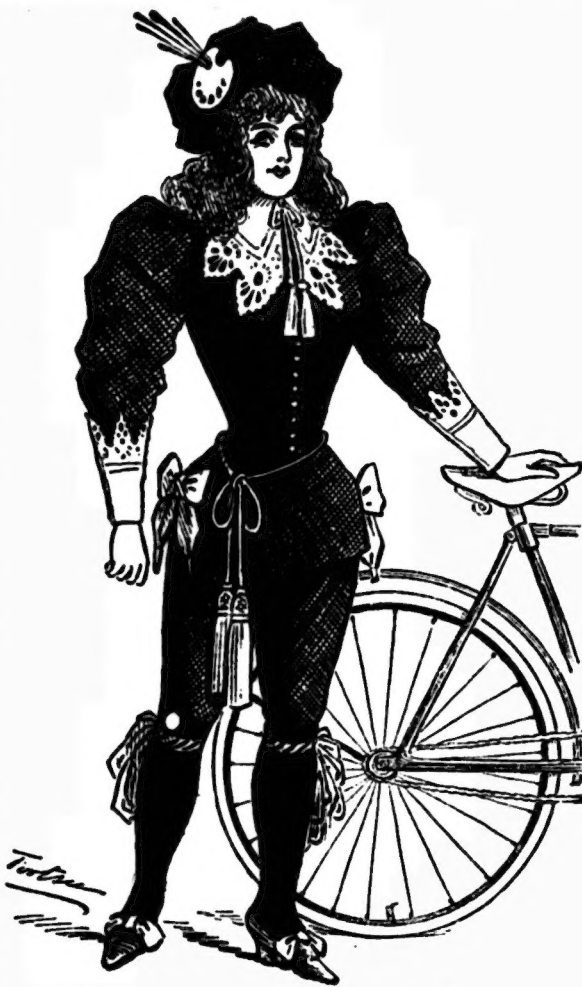
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FOILED AGAIN.



"No, I ain't bothered myself about getting a stroke of work since Xmas, and now, just as I think I will do a turn, this 'ere bloomy Whitsuntide Ollerday is a-comin' round."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 628.—The "Academy Cycling" Costume.



Irascible Father. Wants to marry you, does he? Then why the deuce doesn't he come and tell me so!
Daughter. He's going to, dad dear, but he thought it wiser to wait until you'd got your slippers on.



THE ETHICS OF SLOPER ALLEY.

"Garn! Call your farver a man? Why, my farver could drink 'im blind!"



THAT ROUSED HIM.

Rebecca (pleading for her lover). But, papa, he is such a capital fellow.
Old Moashes (absorbed in the Sheeney Times, excitedly). Vot capital did you say, Rebecca?

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Overheard in Club Smoking-room.

Jones. Did you notice how Brown spoke to the waiter just now?
Smith. Yes; I wonder why it is these jumped-up people always treat their inferiors so badly!

Jones. Because they're not accustomed to them, dear boy. They've never had them before.

"THIS," said the match-making hostess to the eligible young bachelor, as she turned over another leaf in the photo album, "this is one of our town's famous antiquities." "Aren't you making a little mistake," responded the young man, as he tried to smother a smile; "it looks more like a photo of your eldest daughter." [And Mary Alice hasn't forgiven "ma" to this day.]

Snipper. What a duffer that fellow Scruffins is, to be sure!

Snipper. And yet there is good work in the man.

Snipper. Maybe. But if there is, it never comes out.

"I DON'T think I've a relation in the world," sighed D'Oodles. "And yet," said the cynic, "you might find a score or two." "How, pray?" asked the needy one. "By coming into a fortune."

Sweetie. She declares it is all real hair.

Darlings. I wouldn't believe it if she swore to it.

Lozkins. It may be real hair—in fact, I believe it is—but she never grew it.

His picture "on the line" is placed,

What causes, then, this frown?

Alas! they've had the wretched taste

To hang it upside down.

First Boy. Billy has lots of money now, hasn't he?

Second Boy. Yes; his big sister gives him sixpence every time she borrows his knickers to go bicycling.

"I DON'T like the appearance of that young fellow who comes to see you, Clara," said Aunt Priscilla; "he looks like one of those dreadful racing men. I should take him for a better anywhere." "Yes, Aunt," responded the sweet girl demurely, "that's just what I've done, taken him for better—and worse."

Butcher. I hear that young Tuffins is going out next month to settle in New Zealand.

Tailor (taking a mental review of his ledger). I hope he will settle in England before he goes.

"SIR," said the poet, loftily, "I write not for the Philistine herd, but to realise the lofty inspirations which fill this breast." "Oh, that's the case, is it?" responded the brutal matter-of-fact person. "I was afraid, from the look of your boots, you did it for a living."

Sunday-School Teacher. And what becomes of naughty little boys who tell stories?

Extra-bright Scholar. Please'm, they grows up to be newspaper reporters.

"YOUR neighbour tells me he only keeps fowls for pleasure."

"Yes, for the pleasure of seeing them destroying my flower beds."

HE SOON FOUND OUT.



"Which idiot's got my towel?"

AN AMERICAN MANAGER.

THERE is a manager in America, well-known to all performers on both sides of the Atlantic, who, though smart in business affairs, is somewhat remiss in matters of education. It would not be fair to mention his name, although the Yankee papers make no scruple of tacking his stories on to him. We, however, with the quality of mercy strong in our breasts, will call him Smith, there can be no complaints, for there are too many Smiths in the world for any one of them to get the needle.

Smith was one day rehearsing a kind of miracle, or passion play. It had been successfully produced at another town, and Smith felt himself called upon to go one better in the matter of staging and mounting. He saw twelve men at the side of the stage, and thought they were supers.

"What are these chaps for?" he asked.

"They are the Twelve Apostles."

"Twelve Apostles? Did they have Twelve Apostles in New York?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I won't. I'll go better than them, I'll have Forty Apostles, and make a show of 'em!"

On another occasion his secretary had produced a new bill of placard and was exhibiting it to Smith for ratification. The latter gentleman likes to appear clever, so he pointed to the word "exemplification."

"What word's that?"

"Exemplification!"

"Tain't right."

"Yes; excuse me, sir, I think it is."

"Where did you get it?"

"It's correct according to Webster, sir."

"Give Webster his wages, and tell him to get. How dare a man like that set himself up for a scholar?"

Smith's "Webster" was a scene-shifter at the theatre. He knew no other!

His third joke was in connection with his acting manager, Mr. Sharp.

Smith had just resolved on starting *matinée* performances, and a big sign was displayed outside the theatre:

Matinée to-day. 2.30, sharp.

Smith came along and saw the sign. He called his carpenter outside, and said, "What's that sign say?"

"Matinée to-day, 2.30 sharp!"

"Two-thirty sharp! How dare he! Take it down at once, and alter it to 'Two-thirty—Smith!'"

PEOPLE WE MEET AT EVENING PARTIES.

OTHERWISE—!



(1) Little Pocketcomb in his first dress-suit.

(2) The retired baker's wife—"A crumby quartern."



(3) The military man who reviews the visitors.

(4) The youth who sings "Whisper, and I shall Hear,"—in great demand at deaf and dumb asylums.



Cabby. Well, all I can say is, as it's a werry good thing for you I've joined the Anti-Swearing League.

* * Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 442.—MISS MAXINE ELLIOT.

"Who would not yield to all these peerless charms?"
—The Dook Snook.
"Dear love, believe me, I am wholly yours."
—Lord Bob.
"Alas! I love without one gleam of hope."
—The Hon. Billy.



(1) "Ullo! Cholly, on the mash?" "Yus; an' you?" "Ditto, Cholly, ditto. But what 'yer to do if they will run after yer?"



(2) But as far as we can ascertain, this is the only time that a member of the fair sex did run after the gay youth.

COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER?



Maud. I hate going out without some object.
Grace. Isn't George going, then?

GOLFOMANIA.

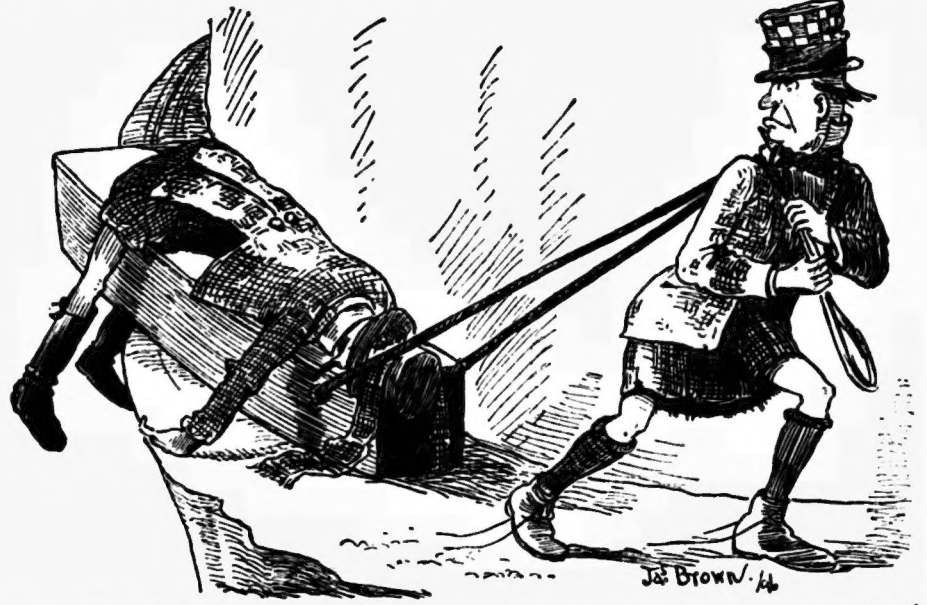


Marjorie. I think you'll like Mr. Foursome, he plays golf five days a week.
Dick. What on earth does he do with himself the sixth?

McSNATCHUM'S UNCALLED-FOR INTERFERENCE.



(1) "I've made a bonnie little coffin for ye, and buried ye must be," roared McSnatchum, as he tried to drag the Elder out.



(2) And McParritch said, "I've had many a job, but this beats everything; this is the third time he's tried to bury the Elder, but it takes a lot to gie some folks a lesson."



Or. She. Top.



follower & Friend.



Bully for Bulwago.



Sour. GRAPES.

"TAKEN
STAY
WHERE
YOU
ARE!"



A. May's. Misfortune.



Exit. Gill Winger.



Bikes. at. Bisley.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

The Cornstalk team is here, and we Their cricket prowess soon shall see :—
The Primrose League in mighty force, To Covent Garden went, of course :—Some
sharpish fighting there has been In Bulwago, as we've seen :—No wonder Joey's
rather mad, To find that Kruger can't be had :—These concerts have not the

support Which, from their excellence, they ought :—To Sandown Park the 'chaser
goes, Which brings its season to a close :—The C. J. C., the other day, The
cyclists' prizes gave away.—How does that little lot please you, eh? Right
well, I trust. Ta, ta!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

AN IMITATIVE COMPLIMENT.



"Are you Smith's stall boy?" "Smith's tall boy?"
No, I'm the short 'un—the tall boy's gone to dinner."



"Reggie, darling, your hat is all down your back."
"I know, dear; it's the sincerest flattery I can think of to pay you."



"I am practising my wiles upon another new
mash, dear. He is rich, but poetical, and I spend
hours before my looking-glass rehearsing a soulful
expression."—Extract from Dolly Hoplight's latest
letter.



A SETTLER.

Enid. Oh! pa, dear, your letter accepting George
so badly spelt I hardly like to send it.
Papa. Wait till he sees my fist on the marriage
attlement, he'll not mind the spelling.



Old Gent. Why, I see you've lost all your teeth?
Tramp. Yus, guv'nor; I parted with 'em 'cos I 'ad
nothin' for 'em to do.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition is only so-so this year, in fact, the inclusion of A SLOPER's great pictures alone redeems it from mediocrity. The two magnificent works of this great artist, however, will amply suffice to make the show of '96 famous for all time. Nothing finer than his touching and pathetic canvas "The Last Twopennyorth," has ever adorned the famous walls, whilst the absolute genius displayed in the second picture, "Wher's th' Key-hol'sh?" ranks him high above the greatest painters the world has yet produced. The artist has undoubtedly put his whole soul into his works. The prevailing opinion in Academy circles is that it's a pity he didn't put the rest

of his foot there, too. But this is pure jealousy.

LOVERS of the late Gordon Fraser's work will be pleased to know that a collection of some of his best drawings have been got together in book form. "HUMOROUS PICTURES," by GEORGE GORDON FRASER, contains nearly one hundred sketches, printed on good paper and bound in an illustrated cover. The price is half-a-crown, or post-free two shillings and ninepence, from 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C. Our readers will remember the recent and lamentable end of this mirth-provoking artist, and how his young wife and several tiny children were left wholly unprovided for. The book has been compiled by poor Fraser's brother—in the first place as a tribute to his dear memory and great ability, and also in the sincere hope that a little something may come out of its sale for the benefit of the widow and orphans.

TOOTSIE's pal, Mary Collette, is going strong at Daly's as a little Japanese tea-girl. Mary has become an ardent cyclist, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the best mounted and smartest dressed girls in the park.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is unquestionably the most deep thinking playwright we have, as he is undoubtedly the most artistically conscientious. He writes to please himself in the first place, and if the playgoer appreciates his efforts so much the better. He won't give the public what it wants if the giving would violate his own artistic instinct; he prefers to provide it with what in his opinion is good for it. Fortunately, *The Rogue's Comedy* possesses all the elements of artistic and popular success, and in the hands of Mr. Willard and the Garrick Company it receives that careful, indeed, masterly interpretation which is so essential to a scholarly work of its kind.

THE Derelict Wreck has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon PROFESSOR GILLIN, because he's a slap-up ventriloquist. "Good on yer, feyther," chortled the Azure-Eyed, delightedly, "you know where to plant 'em, you do. The Professor's a right prime ventriloquist, and as for 'is patter, it is fairly Gillin." But when the Aged realised that the Cerulean-Orbed meant a pun on killing, he fell upon him instant, and wreaked a terrible and blood-curdling vengeance.

CISSY LOFTUS and the Animatographe, with its coloured photographs, are two of the biggest attractions at the Alhambra, where a new ballet is on the eve of production, when other important additions to the programme will be made. More of the new show from your own Tootsie at the earliest opportunity.

MR. ERNEST E. PENGELLY, Promenade Pier, Plymouth, has just been decorated with the "Sloper Warrant." Ernest has been appointed Mechanical Model Maker to A. SLOPER, and the ten-foot figure of the F.O.M. which he is now exhibiting, constructed by himself, fully justifies the honour and distinction showered upon him.

GATTI's Music Hall is one of the good old type, and A. SLOPER enjoyed himself amazingly there the other night. There was a rattling fine show there, of course—there always is—but the Eminent was so busy swallowing the tiddley hi's everybody insisted on standing him, that really he didn't see very much of it. He saw the programme though, and he heard the wild tumults of applause. He found time, however, to listen to Mr. Harry Champion's three capital songs, of which his greatest, "I'm getting ready for my Mother-in-Law," fairly fetches the entire house. Harry is evidently a big favourite: he is also the subject of our illustration.

THAT clever and beautiful play, *Jedbury, Junr.*, is nightly filling Terry's with a crowded audience, whose mingled tears and hearty laughter is the testimony to the striking excellence of Mrs. Ryley's delightful work.

THE Smokeries Exhibition last week, attracted big throngs to the Agricultural Hall. A truly big success, reflecting huge credit upon its organiser, the enterprising proprietor of our contemporary, *Tobacco*.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

SLOPER'S DANCING ACADEMY.

SIGNOR SLOPERINI IS ANXIOUS IT SHOULD BE KNOWN THAT MAMMAS ARE ADMITTED AT PINKTITE VILLA, IF SO DESIRED. SHERRY AND BISCUITS ON THE SIDEBOARD.



No. 7.—Miss Gertie Baggs executing "The Gay-Dog Tcezer." There's a sort of tantalising grace about Gertie's movements, which ordinary words could never express. She's simply a Prize Poem.

POEMS ON PARAGRAPHS.

No. 3.—GOOD OLD LIEUTENANT!

[During the playing of the recent final tie for the Football Association's Challenge Cup, "Referee Simpson" was—as the *Football Star* happily expressed it—"very much down on shady work."]

I HAVE not failed, for seven years gone,
To feast these frivolous eyes upon
That sight of great good cheer,
When football team, in final match,
With football team competes, to snatch
The trophy of the year.

But never saw I "final" yet which made my heart more gay
Than that of Eighteen-ninety-six, on the eve of Primrose Day.

Not here the place to tell you why
I deemed that match a goodlier tie
Than seven of selfsame sort.
A word of praise I merely write
To one who in the mimic fight
Was *magna pars*. And short

Is he of love for football's zeal, who will not lift with me
His voice in plaudits of our bold lieutenant-referee!

The Wolves at times (as well they might)
Waxed wolfish in the 'wildering fight,
The Blades too keen became;
And then my heart was bliss-imbued,
To see how Simpson still pursued
His great untiring aim

Of stamping out, by hook or crook, those leanings towards
the brute.

Which cast athwart our grand old sport some shades of disrepute.

The halcyon day we long to see
When football fights be fury-free.
And soon that day shall break,
If referees, resolved to rout
The wild-beast mode of struggling out,
Will but a pattern take

From that just judge who judged the joust when Sheffield
snatched away

The prize of Eighteen-ninety-six, on the eve of Primrose Day!

SIMPLY AN IDIOT.



She. Where do you think of spending your next holiday, Mr. Lappy.
He. I was only thinking of your mouth.
She. Yarmouth!—rather common place.
He. No; your mouth.
She. Oh! I beg your pardon.

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—I congratulate you. I believe £3 is the usual sum.

HOPEFUL ONE.—Even though it is Leap Year he might think it rude. Chew a clove just before you expect him to call.

IGNORANCE.—No, the polished surface of shop-bought meat pies is not produced by means of varnish. I am not quite sure how it is done, but will try and find out for you by next week. Always pleased to hear from you.

YOUNG WIFE.—I have heard that boiling a meerschaum pipe in milk will extract all the nasty black colour and render it as white as when new. What a charming surprise it will be for your husband, will it not?

ALICE.—The best way of utilising an old boot is to cover the sole with quilted white satin, which should be sown on with gold wire, or else attached with stamp paper. The uppers should be covered with alternate layers of red and blue silk. If the bottom is a buttoned one, the buttons should be replaced with diamond studs, but if it is of the lace-up description *debe* ribbons of tri-colour hue should be run through each hole and tied in pretty bows. I have usually found it advisable, by the way, to pour a few drops of attar of roses into the old boot before commencing operations, but, of course, this is quite a matter of taste. When completed it should be hung in a conspicuous position on the drawing-room wall, and will be found wonderfully useful as a receptacle for old fishbones, etc.

ADELA.—The best way to clean a clock is to wash it in strong soda water with Jones' Jimjam soap, then let it soak all night in cold tea, give it a good shake in the morning, and if it won't go then, there must be something wrong with the works.

DOMESTICATED.—When you asked my advice about decorating your hall and staircase, you did not tell me that you had six children and no side entrance. It is certainly very vexatious. Couldn't you get rid of a few of them?

INDIGNANT.—I sympathise very deeply with you, and if I were in your place I would not submit to it for a moment. Home for the woman and the office for the man is the accepted rule. Let him have his armchair and his slippers up in the City. It is preposterous to imagine that you are going to have all the elegance of your dainty little sitting-room destroyed on his account. Why not make him sit in the kitchen? Write again. Always pleased to give advice.

JANE.—I am not surprised that the heads came off. The only really reliable shop at which you buy tin-tacks is Jones, of St. Paul's Churchyard—not Jones, of Kensington, remember: that is another firm who don't advertise with us. Say I recommended you, and I am sure you will be served with the utmost politeness.

ART.

MRS. WIGGINS, who has just inherited money from a Manchester uncle, goes with her maid to purchase a still-life picture for her dining-room. She selects at the picture-dealer's a painting representing a bouquet of flowers, a pie cut into, and a penny roll. She paid £10 for the lot.

"Madame," whispered the maid, "you have made a bad bargain, let me tell you. I saw a picture like that sold for £6.

"And was it as good as this one?"

"Of course it was; and there was a lot more pie."

PUTTING A POSER.



Stout Gentleman (resuming his seat after a lecture on Form). No, gentlemen, there can be no beauty in a cylinder, whichever way you look at it.

Voice from the Audience. Hi! guv'nor, how about your top hat!

COMMENT IN THE CROWD.

MINDFUL of the fact that "in Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of matrimony," we thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to commission a special wedding reporter and turn him on to do a graphic account of such weddings as that at St. George's, Hanover Square, last Tuesday, between—but we mustn't mention names. Anyhow, we told him to get to the church early, and mix amongst the crowd—particularly amongst the ladies—and jot down some of the things he overheard. Below we give the first crop:

Here she is, at last! How relieved the poor Juggins waiting in the vestry must feel!

Which is her father? What, over there, with the Neapolitan violets? Jumping Juno, I thought he was a pew-opener!

Yes, isn't she white, but that's not nervousness, it's prepared chalk!

What a ghastly shape her train is! Home-made, bet yer boots: I can just picture them all sitting up late to get it done, and the "slavery" lending a hand!

Homely lot of bridesmaids? Just what I was thinking: want two or three leap-years running to get them off!

Oh, that's her mother, is it? I should think by the looks of her she could shift a quarter or two without making her eyes water, eh?

Pipe the old dowager's gloves! The right one's bust clean across the palm; I know she feels as hot as a boiler for fear the other goes, too!

What do they call it: "The breath that breathed o'er Eden"? If it had been her father's breath—when he reaches home on a Saturday—there'd be a bit of a blight set in suddenly!

Oh! she said she'd "ober," did she? I wonder people care to tell such lies in a sacred edifice!

Look out, here they come!

Poor fellow—taken in and done for—wouldn't be in his place for a quid or two!

There they go!

Not busy? Well, come down with me to St. Peter's, East Square, there's another "awful sacrifice" there at three!

CHUCKS.
(A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.)

CHAPTER V.

It was only railway men who recognised the prescriptive right of Chucks to a partial monopoly of Miss Sprotchley's favour after the theatrical incident. There was another class who knew nothing of Chucks's passion, and who probably would not have cared much had they known.



"So!"

her happiness added to the gloom of Chucks, but while he hated these men collectively there was no individual on whom he could decide to expend his wrath. To the jealous eyes of Chucks Miss Sprotchley seemed to entertain merely platonic affection for that class of mankind, and however bitter this might be it might have been worse in the eyes of the love-stricken railway man.

Chucks gnashed his teeth in woe as he saw the smiles which he deemed should have been his own thus thrown about promiscuously like, but he did not venture a remonstrance in the absence of what might be called individualism.

But it was not always to be thus. One day Chucks peered anxiously into the refreshment room. There was only one man at the bar, and only Miss Sprotchley behind that barricade. The man was evidently a "commercial" and was equally evidently bidding the lady farewell. They were quite unaware another eye was on them, for a glass case filled with a peculiarly dense brand of biscuit hid the watchful Chucks.

It was only a minute to train time.

Chucks heard the hateful commercial mortal say: "Well, good-bye, Mary, dear."

"Good-bye, Peter, dear, and don't forget to write."

"No fear, I'll remember, and I'll send you the gloves at the same time."

"Seven and an eighth, then. Don't send sevens and a half as you did last."

"All right, and—"

And the horrified Chucks saw Miss Sprotchley stretch her head across the counter between a pile of chocolate boxes and a water jug while the commercial man stretched his head in a contrary direction with the result that the two heads meet in a luscious kiss.

In the midst of that luscious kiss Miss Sprotchley caught a glimpse of the baleful eye of Chucks fixed upon her.

Miss Sprotchley said "Oh!"

The commercial man said "D—!"

Then both said "good-bye," and a second later that commercial man was clambering into the already moving train, while Chucks stared at him from the glass door of the refreshment room and wished he had been beside him that he might have seized him by the coat collar and had a chance of hauling him ignominiously over the platform and into the stationmaster's presence on a charge of infringing the company's bylaws.

Then Chucks folded his arms, and with an angry scowl on his face, turned to Miss Sprotchley and in a voice like a fog-signal said:

"So!"

"Well, sir, so!" said Miss Sprotchley, unblushingly.

"So, madam, you allowed that man to kiss you!" said Chucks seriously.

"I have a suspicion that is about what occurred" said the lady.

"And you kissed him at the same time," continued Chucks.

"Yes," said the lady, with a slight blush, "it usually is a simultaneous affair."

"Who is that man?" said Chucks fiercely.

"He is my intended husband," said Miss Sprotchley.

Chucks was crushed yet again.

(To be continued next week.)

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!!



Little Bessie, I sha'n't speak to you any more, Polly—you are rude—I saw you looking at me when I was in my bath.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

2 ALBERT MAXIMONS, HOVE, April 25th, 1896.
DEAR ALLY.—Many thanks for the glorious "Award." Praise from the Mildewed One is praise indeed, and is to me sweetened (which his favourite beverage is not) by the announcement appearing in the columns of such a gay and joyous organ of the Press as the "HALF-HOLIDAY."
I am, yours F.O.S.ically, MAXWELL MAYNE, F.O.S.

CITUAISHUNS I HAVE LEFT.

THE RECKERLEKSHUNS OF ELIZABETH MIFFINS ("GENERAL").

CHAPTER 12.

I FORSED last weak over the specktuckle that met our gais wen the doar finerly gais w befor the vigerus onsort of the bronny merrynidum of the lor.

Wunce moar i repeat, Orer of orers, wot is this? Is the pore yung thing a-lyin welterin in her crimsing goar, stabed to the art by the dager of the roothlis assasing?

Is she a-hangin a stifened korpsa fraim the 'at-peg, the krool victim of a bernin but unrykwited pashun?

No, reoder, she ain't nither. Then wot is it that korpes theese shreeks of dismal, theese eckklamashuns of constirashun?

The bed as not bin slep in. The winder is wyde opun. A lader, made of sheats and blankits fastened tu the bed post, 'angs out of it.

Miss Maitland is noware tu be sean. She 'as fled. She 'as ooked it. She 'as cloaped.

In the first shok of the 'arowin diskovery i maik a fulish and dammygin admishun.

"Mark mi verds, mem," i ses, adresin of miself tu Miss Lora Jain, "mark mi verds, mem, the yung lady as gorn orf with the yung poit gent wot she was so swete on."

I kood 'av bitun mi tung out the verry instunt arter i 'ad ses it, for boath mi mystrisish terns sharp tu me and araks in wun breth:

"Wot du yu no about that yung man, Elizabeth?" Then i seas the idyus mistak intu wich mi thortlisn 'ad ledd me.

On ordinerry okashuns i wood skorn tu tel a ly, but heer the ankisatety tu sheeld the perykuted pare maid me indever tu dissembul.

"Nothink at ori, mem," i ansers, indeverin tu marsk mi konfushun—"Nothink at ori, mem; leaswais, only wot i hav herd from Miss Maitland of 'im."

But alas! mi artyfish wos of no avale. Mi expresiv countynunce must hav betraid me, for, seezin me ruffy bi the arm, Miss Lora Jain draged me uncerrymoanysly forwerd.

"Gerl," she ses, "gerl, yu are deseevin us—yu are keapin sumthin bak; tel me at wunce ori yu no of this afare."

"I don't no nothin, i ashore yu," i arusers, beginin to feal very nervus.

"Orficer," ses Miss Lora Jain, sturnly, "taik 'er in charge for adin and abbetin the aduckshun of wun of mi pupulls."

But this terrybul thret wos moar than i kood bare. Flingin miself at her feat, i burst intu a flud of teers and konfessed ori: 'ow i had karryid the noats between the luvn pare, 'ow i 'ad vissytid the yung gent in 'is loggins, supresin ony the immytearal facte of receevin paymint for mi cervisias.

As sune as i had finnyshed mi relachun, Miss Lora Jain dismisish the pleeceman, tu mi grate releat, and then termin tu me, remark:

"Yu are a bad, deceetful, wikid, dangerus gerl, Elizabeth, and i wil not keap yu an nouer longer in this 'ouse. Pak your bockels, and kum tu me for your waiges, and then out of the place yu go."

Alars! wunce moar had krool falt bean tu much for me.

(To be continued next week.)

THE SELFISHNESS OF FUNKITTER.

"JANE," said Mr. Funkitter, suddenly raising himself upon his elbow, about ten minutes after his spouse had put out the light—"Jane!"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Funkitter sleepily; "what's the matter?" "Nothing, nothing!" was the response; "but I was just wondering if I bolted the bedroom door."

"I'm sure I can't remember, dear, but I've no doubt you did, you're usually so very careful."

"I know I am, and that's why I can't help thinking about it. Do you know I've got a sort of feeling that I quite forgot it to-night."

"Have you? Well, after all, it doesn't very much matter, does it? We're not likely to take any harm; but still, if it will be any satisfaction to you, why not get out and see?"

But Mr. Funkitter said no; he wasn't going to leave his warm bed for all the burglars in existence, and down he settled comfortably upon his pillow again.

"It's a remarkable thing, though," he went on, pretending to stifle a yawn—"It's a remarkable thing, though, what a dreadful lot of robberies have occurred in the neighbourhood lately."

"Eh—what?" cried Mrs. Funkitter with a start. "Dreadful robberies," repeated F., indifferently; "but there, no one's likely to break in here."

His wife seemed scarcely satisfied with the assurance; but she turned over on her pillow again.

But just as she was dropping off, her husband again disturbed her. "Wouldn't it be funny," he asked, "to wake up and find a masked ruffian rifling our pockets?"

"Oh! don't, Henry," cried Mrs. F., with a shudder. "Oh, nonsense! Surely, you're not frightened? I was only supposing, of course. Why, a burglar might come in at that door, rob us of every farthing whilst we slept, and cut our throats as well if he felt inclined."

"Henry!" exclaimed his wife in a terrified voice as she sat up, "I feel sure I heard a noise downstairs."

"Rubbish!" said Henry, "it's the cat, of course," but the darkness hid his smile of satisfaction.

"I—I wish you'd bolted the door," quavered she. "Won't you get up and look, dear?"

"Oh! come now, really," expostulated Funkitter, "that's too bad of you to ask me to get out in the cold. And I'm almost sure I fastened it; and after all, if I didn't, we can only be killed once, you know."

This settled Mrs. F. With a dash she sprang from the bed, dashed to the door and found it—bolted!

And as the victimised woman groped her way back, Funkitter heaved a soft yet expressive sigh of relief, and pulled the clothes snugly over his craven shoulders again.

His plan had succeeded.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is a ruddy cheek like Nuttall's Standard Dictionary?—Because it's got no "pallor" in it.

DISTINGUISH between boundless courage and boundless brag-docio.—Much bravery: bray very much!

HANSOM "DOERS" AS HANSOM DOES!

(A la Arthur Roberts.)

[By the proposed Bill to protect cabmen from "Bilkers" the cabman is empowered to demand that anyone engaging him shall show that he (or she) has enough money for the fare.]

HAVE you read the Cabbies' new Protection Bill,

To save them from the Bilkers on the bilk?

It is legislation fixed up fit to kill

All the tribe of Messrs. Swindler (of that ilk).

For the Bilkers will Experience a thrill,

When he yells or calls in accents soft as milk:

"Hi! you Hansom. Now, then, Hansom!"

For the Jehu, intercepting his glib gab,

Will cry, "Right, sir! Any-where,"

But first show you've got your fare—

Before riding in my 'Ansom Cab!"

'Twill be painful, too, to Mashers on the mash—

When leaving, say, some stage-door in the West—

With some darling dashing damsel on the dash

(So gorgeously and à-la-mode-ly drest),

To be forced to show he has sufficient cash

Whenever he of cabby is in quest.

He'll say, "Hansom! Heah! you, Hansom!"

But his Nibs's pride will feel a galling stab

When the Cabby says, "No spoo!"

Show you've got sufficient oof

For charterin' my 'Ansom Cab!"



A TRIFLE ROUGH ON HIM.



Mr. Maud. How very happy Mrs. X. always looks, doesn't she? His Wife. You forget, my dear—Mrs. X. is a widow.

DEAD OFF!

THERE is a Jew down Whitechapel way who does a smart business in the ready-made and second-hand clothes line. He has in his employ an assistant named Ikey, who has been some years a servant in the establishment. Ikey has several times asked for an increase of salary, and on several occasions it was raised a shilling a week. One morning Ikey appeared at his employer's desk with the amazing request for a rise of a pound a month.

"Vy, Ikey," said the Jew, "I think I bays you pooty vell alrety; vat for I bays you any more?"

"Well," replied Ikey, confidently, "I am your principal assistant here; I have worked you up a large trade; I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I think you could not get along without me."

"Is dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott! Ikey, vat vood I do subbose you vas to die?"

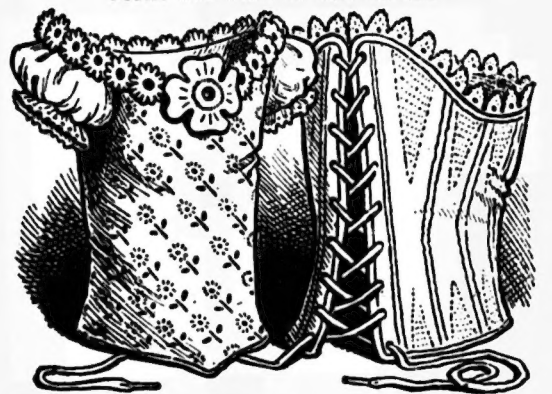
"Well," hesitated Ikey, "I suppose you would have to get along without me, then."

The old man took several whiffs from a short pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked: "Vell, Ikey, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."

THE SLOPER RELICS.

(Continued.)

No. 14.—BODICE AND CORSETS WORN BY MRS. CHANT, THE NIGHT SHE WENT TO THE EMPIRE.



It was this chased armour that withstood the (gin) slings and arrows of gilded vice levelled at it, when its fair wearer, securely encased in it, entered as a spy into the enemy's camp, pitched in the saloon of the Empire. Before it the libertine's wink shrivelled up into a downcast, guilty glance. As a protector of female virtue these articles are invaluable. On one occasion Mrs. Sloper, wishing to look particularly smart, wore them. The Hon. Billy had an order for the said Empire. He was, with A. SLOPER'S permission, to take Mrs. S.; but when they had got so far as the Strand, she insisted upon being taken to Exeter Hall, and instead of returning to Mildew Court in a hansom they went home by "bus and tram. These Relics can be compared only to the armour of Joan of Arc. But quite apart from their value in the moral line, they are really very beautiful works of the modiste's art; and A. SLOPER had great difficulty in purchasing them from the lady who calls periodically at the Court, and gives the highest prices for left-off wearing apparel.

(To be continued.)



No. 428.—MR. HARRY BLAKE, F.O.S.

"The hero of this week's sketch is a very old pal of SLOPER'S, and would long ago have been included in our gallery of celebrities but for the modesty which is ever a marked characteristic of the truly great. Years of patient and persevering persuasion have at last prevailed, and here is the gratifying result. Harry is, as you will probably guess, a comedian. You can see humour in his liquid orb, and talent in every line of his expressive countenance. As one of the Two B.'s he is known to fame, though the other half of that clever combination is better—in fact, his better half—the sprightly and beautiful Miss Flora Blake. Chiefly because he's a champion mirth maker, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Award of Merit' presented to him, April 17th, 1894."—*Debrett Improved.*



"What yer sink 'er my dog?" "Yer doesn't call that a dawg, does yer?" "Yus!" "W'y, I fort it wuz a *now fortygraft*!"



"Oh! where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-pumping, sir," she said.

[It's needless to say he was not on in that scene.]

THE SLOPER FAMILY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF THEIR LIVES.

No. 14.—THE HONOURABLE BILLY.

THE OLD STORY.



GIRL'S BOB'S HAD TEA WITH.

There was a homeliness about this girl that Bob never looked for. She actually sat on the floor and extracted the wrinkles for him with a hairpin. His lordship describes her as a most self-sacrificing girl.



Aged 9.



Aged 30.



Aged 29.



Aged 32.



A big swell in the days of Julius Caesar, waiting outside the Criterion of the period for his best gal.

MORE SWEETSTUFF



Another of ALLY'S importations—this time from Japan. She is here depicted a-smelling-of-the-gentle-may-blossom, belonging to SLOPER'S next-door neighbour. Alone, in the Old 'Un's society, she is decidedly Japan-easy.



Casual Customer. Why is it called the "Two Sawyers"?

Regular Customer. Why, 'cos the landlord saw yer go in, and the missis saw yer didn't stop there after you'd spent your money.



"Good gracious, Ethel, what a costume!" "Well, you see, papa said I was to leave off wearing breeches when I went out on my bike, so I've taken him at his word."



Aged 35



Present Day.

The Honourable Billy was unanimously selected by his schoolfellows as a fit subject for kicks; indeed, at the age of nine he was severely injured by a big boy, who omitted to remove his cricketer's shoes when performing the operation. This was in consequence of Billy refusing to give him first bite out of a bun—a toothsome delicacy he still retains a lingering love for. At the time that he first made the acquaintance of A. SLOPER that gentleman was thinking of starting a pack of hounds to hunt over Battersea Fields and other suburban open spaces. Billy entered heart and soul into the scheme, which, unfortunately, did not go beyond the ordering of an expensive hunting kit, for which he still owes.

Like the rest of the SLOPER family, the Hon. Billy is passionately devoted to the Drama. He and Bob are, and always have been, great friends. The only occasion when a coolness sprang up between them was when the former presented himself at the "Friv." on a first night with an enormous bouquet, which he subsequently threw at the feet of the charming Tootsie. Billy is ever welcome at Mildew Court. He rightly considers Mrs. Sloper a very fine woman, and is equally happy when escorting that lady to fashionable places of entertainment or to Saturday night's marketing. Messrs. Bolt, Boiler and Co., the famous traction engine makers, are constructing a social cycle for Billy and Mrs. S.